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Up to the year 1750, the entire amount of the cotton manufactured in Britain, did not exceed the annual value of *two hundred thousand pounds*. In the year 1832, about eighty years after, the amount of the cotton goods, manufactured annually, is estimated at *forty millions of pounds*!! How comes this tremendous, this almost superhuman increase? By the inventions of machinery. The fly shuttle was invented in 1738; in 1750 it began to be generally used; then the spinning wheel, which had superseded the spindle and the distaff, was itself superseded by the *spinning jenny*; a machine invented by a mechanic of the name of Hargreaves. Happening one day to see a common spinning wheel overturned, which continued its motion for some time while it lay on one side, this ingenious man immediately conceived the idea of making a spinning machine, which, after several attempts, he effected, by making a machine which contained eighty spindles, and which laid the foundation of all the subsequent inventions. Poor Hargreaves was persecuted by those who earned their subsistence by means of the old and slow method of spinning. They broke into his house and destroyed his machine, and he was driven out of Lancashire at the peril of his life. While he was thus suffering and struggling, with poverty and the prejudices of the workmen, a *common journeyman barber* was busily employed in trying to invent a machine which was destined to change the mode of spinning altogether. Arkwright—afterwards Sir Richard Arkwright—succeeded; he invented a machine which has been the means of changing the very structure of commerce; and which has placed in the hands of Britain a power so tremendous, that one article of manufacture alone has been raised in value, as already stated, from two hundred thousand to forty millions of pounds. The quantity of cotton yarn spun in Britain in one year, is about two thousand two hundred and eighty-three million, seven hundred and fifty thousand yards, a quantity which would cover England, Ireland, and Scotland *eleven times over*.

After Arkwright's spinning frames had been ten years in operation, another invention or rather an important improvement was announced to the public, by Mr. Samuel Crompton. This superseded Hargreave's spinning jenny. Then the steam engine was invented by Watt. A host of minor though important inventions and improvements followed; and the commerce of Britain advanced with gigantic strides, until it has attained an extent unparalleled—nay, which mocks comparison with any period of the world's history. One city alone (Glasgow) manufactures annually upwards of an hundred millions of yards of cotton cloth.

We freely admit that machinery has been pushed too rapidly. We deplore the misery which has been occasioned by the rapidity of the introduction of new and unknown power into our trades and manufactures. *But Britain now cannot go back*. She must continue to be a great manufacturing nation, or she will cease to exist. Hitherto her machinery has been confined. Power so vast requires an ample field to play upon. We have been shut up as it were, in an ark, and the barriers of interdiction have too much hemmed us in. But when the East is fairly thrown open to our machinery—when the market place of the world is given wherein to display and to dispose of the production of that machinery—then, instead of deploring the misery occasioned by excessive production, market gluts, and re-action, we may hope to exult over a well-employed and well-paid population, and exult in a trade and commerce which commands the resources, and supplies the nations of the earth. Some may term this a visionary prospect: but if it be not realized, Britain will speedily lose her position as the great *carrier and manufacturer* of the world. She must proceed. She must extend her commerce, or machinery will prove too powerful for her. And as Britain cannot prosper unless Ireland participate in that prosperity, it becomes a matter of serious consideration, to what extent machinery should be introduced into this country, what facilities there are, in the position and nature of the island, what materials there are in the bowels of the earth, and how it would affect her population. This will require a separate article.

F.

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

CORMAC'S INSTRUCTIONS.

(Continued from Page 215)

A ua Chuind, cia badar do gnama in tan robsat Gilla?
Bám soládh Mídhchuarta, bam doúidh irguile, bam solam
d'foraire bam cendus cáirdine, bam liaigh lobhair, bam jám
fri h enert, bam trén fri ruanaidh; Nír bam labhair gér sam
gaéth, nír bam taircsinach ger bam trén; ní chuidbinn sen
gér sam óg; nír bam maethmhech gér sam gontach; ní
luaidhinn nech ina égmáis, ní aiscinn is no mholuinn; ár is
trés na bésaibh sin ro segoid gur bad sinn seo riaghlac.
 Oh! descendant of Con! what was thy deportment when a youth?

I was cheerful at the banquet of *Mídh Chuarta*,* fierce in battle, vigilant and circumspect; kind to friends, a physician to the sick, merciful to the weak, stern towards the head-strong. Although possessed of knowledge, I was inclined to taciturnity, although strong I was not haughty; I mocked not the old although I was young; I was not vain although I was valiant, when I spoke of a person in his absence, I praised, not defamed him, for it is by these customs that we are known to be courteous and civilized.

A ua Chuind cid is binne lat at chualais? Ilach iar mbuaidh, moladh iar luadh.

Oh! grandson of Con, what are the sweetest sounds thou hast ever heard?

A shout after victory; praise after desert.

A ua Chuind cid is dech dam?

Ma contuáisi frim' teguse, ní tardha h-óinech na h-anum
ar bhíadh na ar cuirm, ár is fearr dínchloth oldas dín bíd.
 —Ní ba riangabhrae cin eocha, ní ba h-eóichobhra cin CUIRM, &c. &c.

Oh! grandson of Con! what is good for me?

If thou attend to my instructions, thou wilt not cast away thy generosity or spirit for food or for *cuirm*†, for a hospitable name is better than food.—You cannot be splendid without horses, nor festive without *Cuirm*.

A ua Chuind cid mesa lat ad conarais?

Gnús namad i re catha.

Oh! grandson of Con, what is the most detestable sight thou hast ever seen?

The countenance of an enemy in the field of battle.

A ua Chuind! cid is fo dam?

Ma Contuáisi frim' thimna: ní cuáibhinn sen gersam óg
na boct gersam soma, na noct gersam édoigh, na losc gerbam
luath, na dall ger bam fairgsinach na lobhar gér bam trén,
na borb ger bam trebhair:—Nír badh lesc, nír badh lonn,
nír badh neóid, nír badh deghoidh, nír badh édoigh. Ar nach
lesc. lonn, neoid, deghoidh as miascas De seoó duine.

Oh! grandson of Con, what is good for me?

If thou attend to my command thou wilt not mock the old although thou art young, nor the poor although thou art rich, nor the naked although thou art well clad, nor the lame although thou art agile, nor the blind although thou art clear-sighted, nor the feeble although thou art strong, nor the ignorant‡ although thou art learned. Be not slothful nor passionate, nor penurious, nor idle, nor jea-

* *Mídh-chuarta* was the middle house of the palace of Tara. The splendor of this palace is described in an old Irish poem, beginning: *Temhair na rígh, Rath Chormaic, Temor of Kings, the Seat of Cormac*; but, lest this Poem might be considered a Bardic forgery, we shall give the following extract from Johnston's Translation of an old Scandinavian MS., the historical testimony of which must be received as unquestionable. "*In hoc regno etiam locus est Themor dictus, oím primariæ uris, regioque natus, &c. &c.*"
In Editori quopiam Civitatis loco SPLENDIDUM et tantum non DÆDALEUM CASTELLUM Rex et intra Castellí septa. PALATIUM structurá et nitore SUPERBUM, habuit, ubi solebat litibus incolarum componendis præesse."

Anti Celt. Sando,

Last page.

In this kingdom also there is a place called *Themor*, formerly the chief city and the royal residence, &c.

In a more elevated part of this city the king had a splendid and almost *Dædalean* castle, within the precincts of which he had a splendid palace, superb in its structure, where he was accustomed to preside in settling the disputes of the inhabitants.

† Perhaps an Irishman would now say, "You should not allow yourself to get the name of an inhospitable man, by sparing your *whiskey*. *Cuirm* was a kind of malt drink brewed by the ancient Irish and Welsh. *Mídh*, i. e. mead or methegil was also used in Ireland. *Teach mídh-chuarta* the banqueting hall of Tara, was so called from *mead* being distributed around in it.

‡ *Borb* in the original, now signifies *fierce* or *arrogant*, and its original meaning has grown obsolete. Duval Mac Fíribís who wrote in 1666, uses this word in its ancient meaning, *amháil a derid éoiré*, as the ignorant say.

lous; for he who is so is an object of hatred to God as well as to man.

A ua Chuind cia edirgin sil n-Adhoimh?*

Gaeth cech fosaidh, fíren cech fial, féidhil cech ainmned-haeh, fíogh cech foghlamtha, fuarrach cech finechair, serbh cech borb, baeth cech trén, tibir cech mer, morda cech borb, baeth cech trén, morda cech n-dinnbha, mresach cech n-aineolach, al cech nongta, faitech cech nuaimhnech, &c. &c.

As amhlaidh sin nos n-edirgin cach uile.

Oh! grandson of Con, how are the human race characterised?

The sedate are wise, the patient are pious, the learned are desirous of acquiring knowledge, the lover of his tribe is anxious to relieve them; the untaught are stubborn, the strong vain, fools are given to laughter; the possessor of kine (i. e. the rich man) is proud, the ignorant are quarrelsome, the wounded are timid, the timid wary, &c. &c.

Thus I characterise the human race.

A ua Chuind, cia as gabhala bairi cis lir?

Bretha diana, dusgadh ferge, folabhra iar n-gaeth, cairiughadh fírinne, bron ic fíedh, gáire im sen, senchus do chleth, coimríth fíri baeth, morda fíri Rígh, labhra cin ghais, &c. &c.

O grandson of Con, what dost thou deem acts of folly?

To pass hasty judgments, to excite to anger, to speak foolishly after a wise man, to gainsay the truth, to be melancholy at a banquet, to laugh at the aged, to conceal historical facts, to contend with the foolish, to be proud with a king, to speak without wisdom, &c. &c.

A ua Chuind as áil dam, cinus biad itir Gaéthuibh seo-o baéthuibh, itir gnathaibh sceo ingnathaibh, itir senaibh seo-o gaibh?

Nim bad ro gaeth, nim bad ro bhaeth, nim bad uallach, nim bad dimbrighach, nim bad ro bheg nim bad ro mhór, nim bad ro labhair, nim bad ro thoi, nim bad tim, nim bad ro cruaidh. Dia mbadh ro ghaeth fris aifíder, dia m-bad ro bhaeth, nod toghaethfíudher, dia m-bad ro uallach, do dhimghaethfíudher, dia m-bad ro bheg bid digraith, dia m-bad ro labhair bid dergna, dia m-bad ro chruaidh no míchlúdhfíder, dia m-bad ro thim no dresfíudher.

Oh! grandson of Con! I would fain know how I should conduct myself among the wise, and among the foolish; among friends and among strangers, among old and among young?

Be not too knowing nor too simple, be not proud, be not inactive, be not too humble, neither be haughty, be not talkative, neither be too silent, be not timid, neither be severe. For if thou shouldst appear too knowing, thou wouldst be satirized and abused; if too simple, thou wouldst be imposed upon; if too proud, thou wouldst be shunned; if too humble, thy dignity would suffer; if talkative, thou wouldst not be deemed learned; if too severe, thy character would be defamed; if too timid, thy rights would be encroached upon.

A ua Chuind cia edirgin mna?

Nos neditrin sceó nis neditrím. Baéth a g-comhairle, dermadach serce, iotfáidhe toile, torrachta baesí, bras urnaidhm, urlamh i b-fíorgill, uallacha fíri a d-tochmarc, cuimhnech debhtha, bronach cuimhthighe, sénta caemhna, cuimhnech dícháemhna, imdha labhartha, &c. &c.

In nech contuaisí fíri drochmháidh i d-tonna nod báidhed, i d-tene nod loiscadh; id airm deghfaebhracha, id clóidhmhe dlegghoimh, ar lenmoín, id nathracha ar tuaichle id dorchá i soillsí, id oile itir maithibh, id mesa itir olcaibh, gur badh Maith in t-olc, gur badh flaith Ifrínn, go ro cleth in Ghrian a Soillsí, go ro tuitsit renna Nímhí, ní bháidh BÉN acht mar atrubramar- Maing, tra, a mhic, nos gradhaidh, nos lamhaidh, nos mianaidh, nos riaraidh; maing cech áen isa frith drochmháidh.

Oh! grandson of Con, how shall I distinguish the characters of woman?

I know them but I cannot describe them. Their counsel is foolish, they are forgetful of love, most headstrong in their desires, fond of folly, prone to enter rashly into en-

* *Edirgin*; the commentator explains this word by "*cinus aitheomas me*," and he states that it is a contraction of *edirginéighghadh*, i. e. to draw lines of distinction between the different kinds of men.

† *Reatairi*; the glossographer explains this: *airi an recta no coimhe-daidhe an díghaeth*.

agements, given to swearing, proud to be asked in marriage, tenacious of enmity, cheerless at the banquet, rejecters of reconciliation, prone to strife, of much garulity, &c. &c.

He who listens to evil women shall be drowned in the waves or consumed in the fire, they are sharp weapons, they are wounding swords pursuing thee, they are serpents in cunning, they are darkness in light, they are evil amongst good, they are the worst of evils. Until evil be good, until hell be Heaven, until the sun hide his light, until the stars of heaven fall; woman will remain as we have stated. Woe to him, my son, who loves, desires, or serves a bad woman! woe to every one that has got a bad wife!

A ua Chuind cit is buairi for bith?

Fér, umha, inbhar.

Oh! grandson of Con, what are the most lasting things in the world?

Grass, Copper, Yew.

A ua Chuind cid is mesa do chorp Duine?

Ro suidhe, ro luidhe, airisamh foda, toghala troma, fedhmanná ós nert, ro reitha, ro lémenma, sílledh fíri Gris, ma corma, fuacht, grian, gorta, ro ól, ro saith, ro colladh, snamh iar saith, colladh faen, deoch mhór, &c. &c.

Oh! grandson of Con, what is bad for the human body?

Too much sitting or lying, long resting, raising heavy loads or any exertion beyond strength, too much running or leaping, looking at the sun, *fresh cuirm* (beer), cold, heat, hunger, gluttony, intemperance, overmuch sleep, bathing after meals, heavy sleep, slumbers, drinking deeply, &c. &c.

A ua Chuind cia mesamh comairci?

Comairge beldubh, beg enigh.

A mhic ma contuaisí fírim thegusc níbh Reachtairí dhuit fer co ceibh, níbh Ranairí dhuit fer lonn ílmhianach, níbh fosadh dhuit fer lesc geranach, níbh muilleoir dhuit fer ifúiric, níbh techtairí fer long doithengach, níbh ruanaidhe dhuit fer labhair, narb dáilemh fer soimhesc, narb dorsach dhuit fer serbh sotal, narb cend atchomhairle duit dotchuidh.

Oh! grandson of Con! who is he whose protection should not be relied upon?

A miser or inhospitable man.

My son, if thou attend to my instructions, let not thy law-giver be a man of many associates, thy butler* a lover of dainties†, thy *fosadh* (waiter) a lazy complaining man, thy miller a festive man, thy messenger an angry peevish, impertinent man, thy secretary a talkative man, thy cup-bearer‡ a drunkard, thy foot-man (door keeper) a bitter, haughty man, let not thy counsellor§ be a rash man.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

* *Ranairí*, i. e. *fer roinn bith*. a butler.

† *Ifúiric* is thus explained by the glossographer: *fúiric .i. fíedh acus il .i. ró .i. ro-fíedhach*; too festive.

‡ *Dáilemh* i. e. *fer dáilemh díghe*, a cup-bearer. Keating makes frequent use of this word in his works on divinity.

§ *Ata an nídh leighleat ar Dáileamhan Pharoah sun 40 cab. do Gene.*

¶ *Cend atchomhairle* i. e. *ceand comhairle no fíufruidhe*, Gloss.

SONNET.—ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS:

Some laws there are too sacred for the hand
Of man to approach; recorded in the blood
Of patriots; before which, as the rood
Of faith, devotional we take our stand;
Time-hallow'd laws! magnificently plann'd
When freedom was the nurse of public good,
And power paternal; laws that have withstood
All storms, like faithful bulwarks of the land:
Unshackled will, frank utterance of the mind,
Without which freedom dies and laws are vain,
On such we found our rights, to such we cling:
In these should power his surest safeguard find.
Tread them not down in passion or disdain—
Make man a reptile, he will turn and sting! A. de V.

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